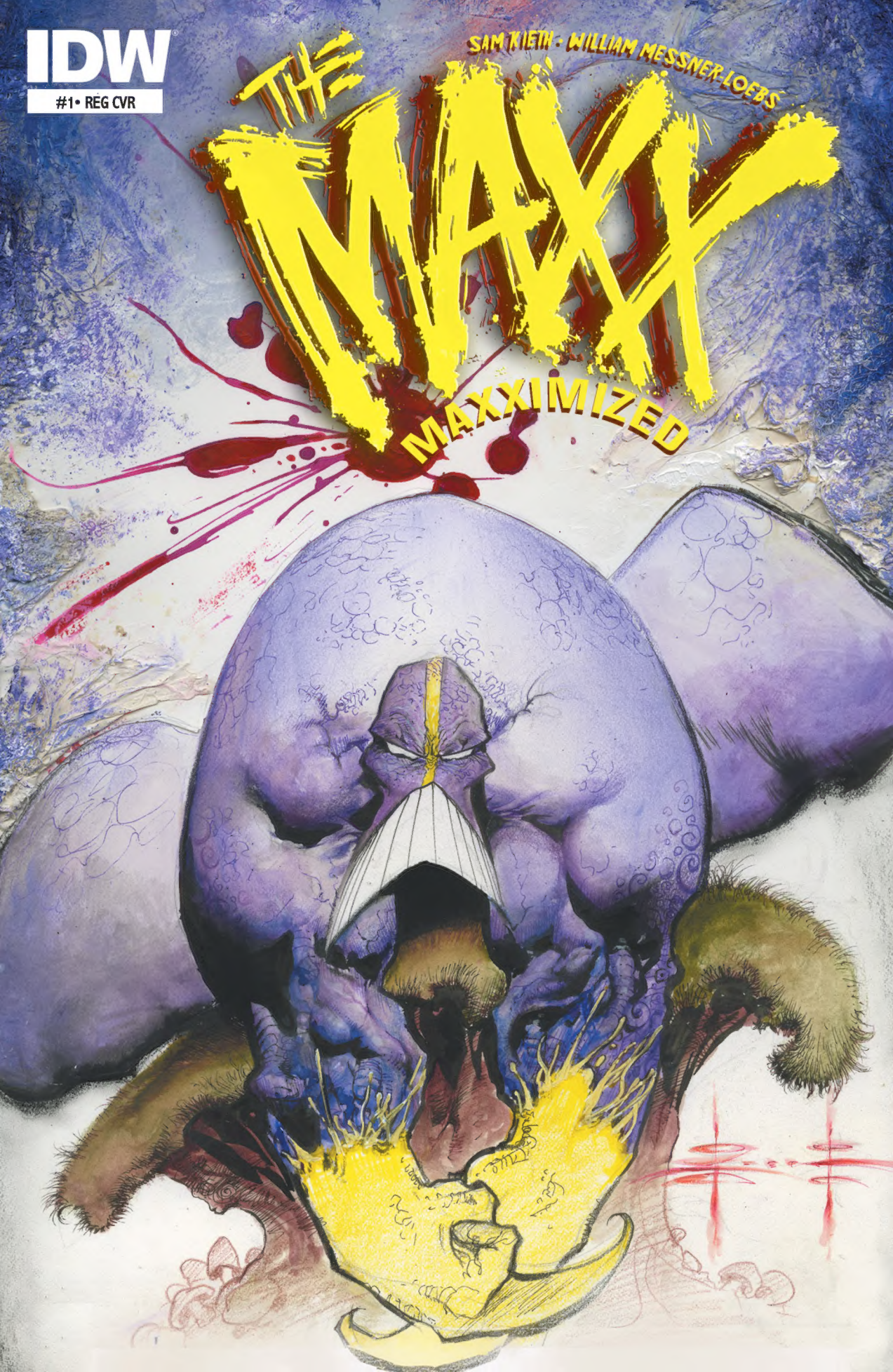
IDW
#1• RÉG CVR
SAM KIETH • WILLIAM MESSNER-LOEBS
THE MAXX
MAXXIMIZED

WRITTEN BY
SAM KIETH (STORY) AND
WILLIAM MESSNER-LOEBS (SCRIPT)

ARTWORK BY
SAM KIETH

ADDITIONAL INKS BY
JIM SINCLAIR

COLORS BY
RONDA PATTISON

LETTERS BY
MIKE HEISLER

EDITS BY
SCOTT DUNBIER

COVER CHECKLIST:

THE MAXX created by Sam Kieth • Production Assistance by Christopher Schraff and Chris Mowry

IDW founded by Ted Adams, Alex Garner, Kris Oprisko, and Robbie Robbins

IDW®

Ted Adams, CEO & Publisher
Greg Goldstein, President & COO
Robbie Robbins, EVP/Sr. Graphic Artist
Chris Ryall, Chief Creative Officer/Editor-in-Chief
Matthew Ruzicka, CPA, Chief Financial Officer
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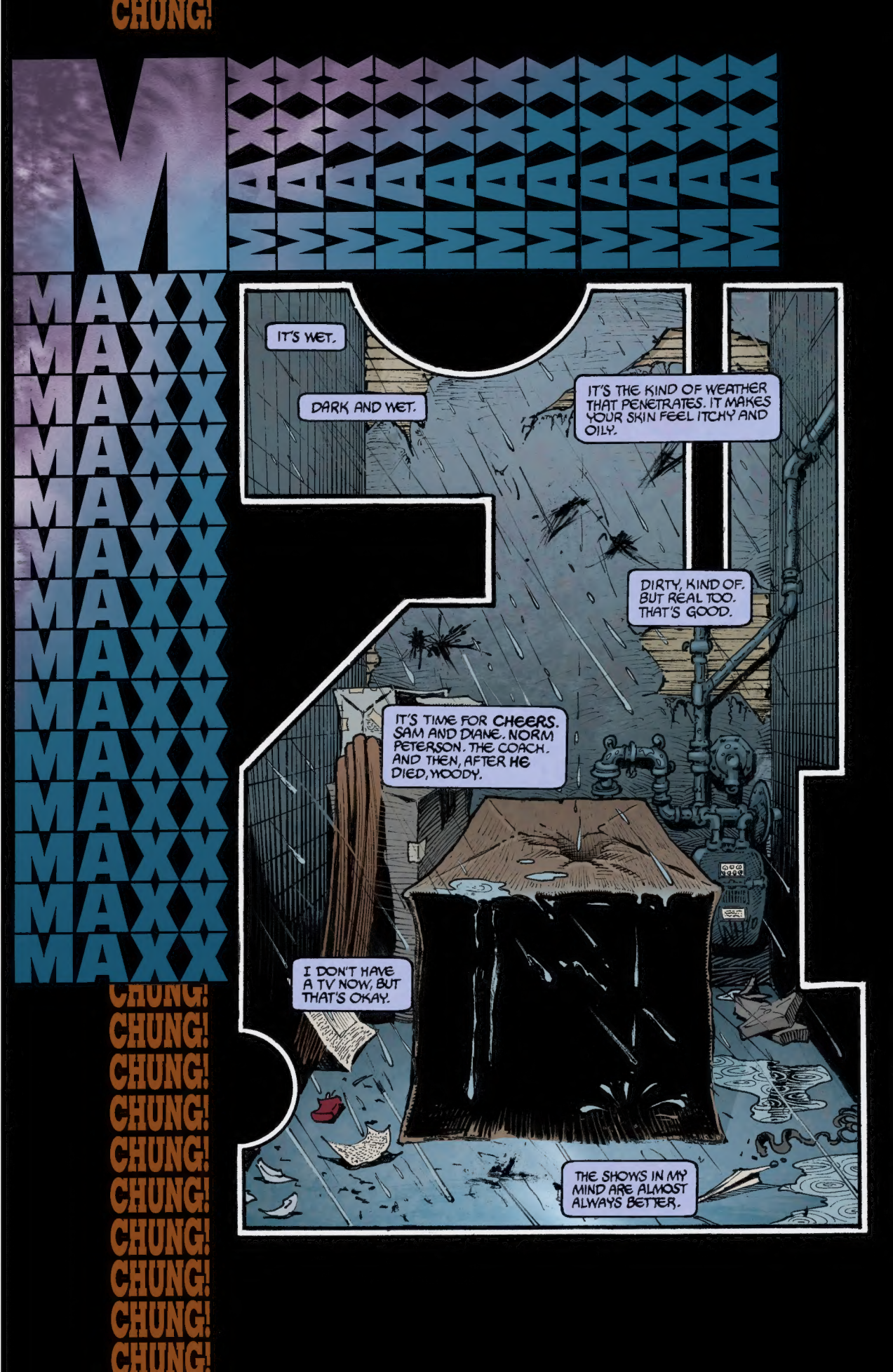
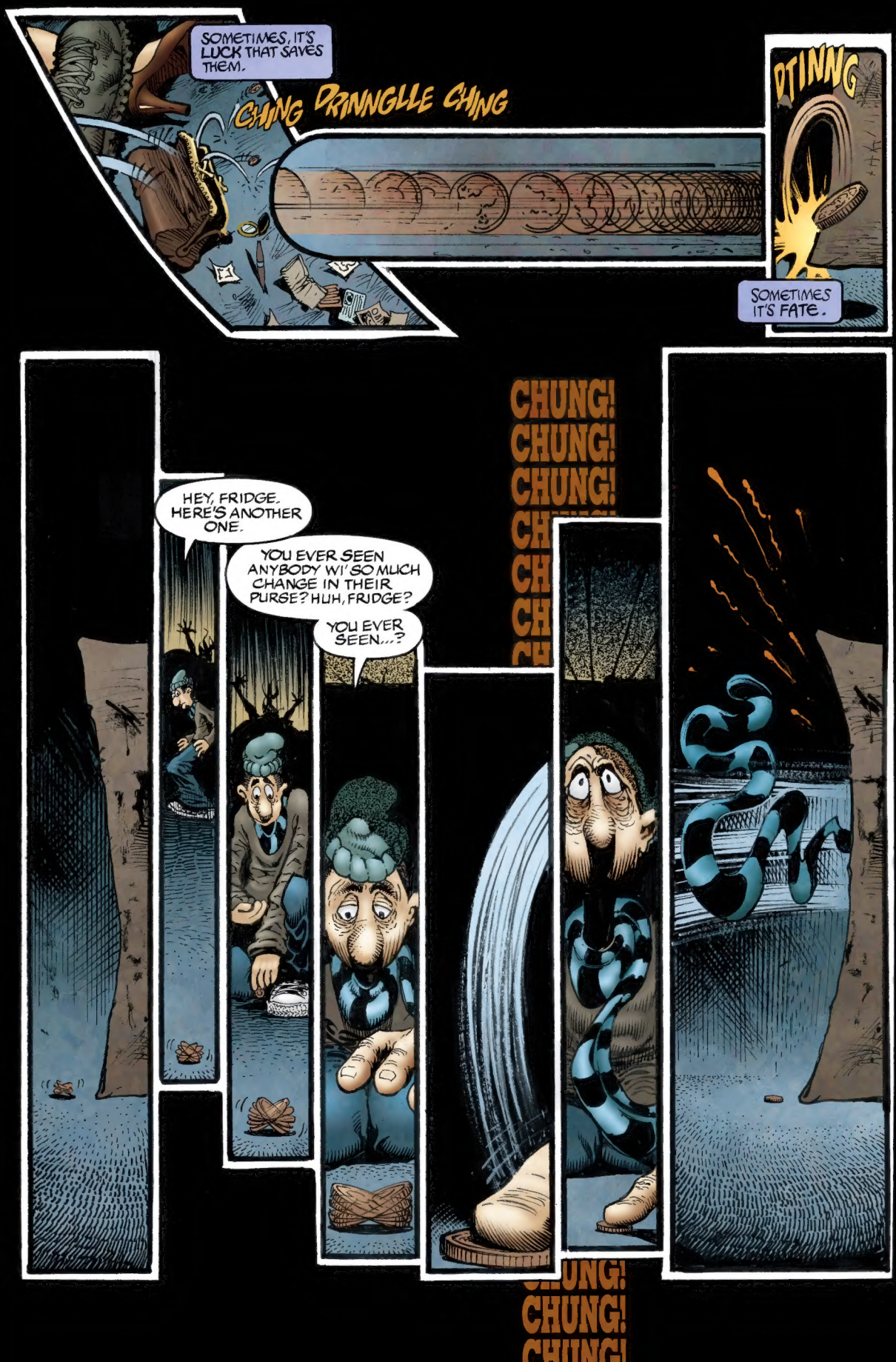

CHUNG!
MAXX
IT'S WET.
DARK AND WET.
IT'S THE KIND OF WEATHER THAT PENETRATES. IT MAKES YOUR SKIN FEEL ITCHY AND OILY.
DIRTY, KIND OF. BUT REAL TOO. THAT'S GOOD.
IT'S TIME FOR CHEERS. SAM AND DIANE. NORM PETERSON. THE COACH. AND THEN, AFTER HE DIED, WOODY.
I DON'T HAVE A TV NOW, BUT THAT'S OKAY.
THE SHOWS IN MY MIND ARE ALMOST ALWAYS BETTER.
CHUNG!

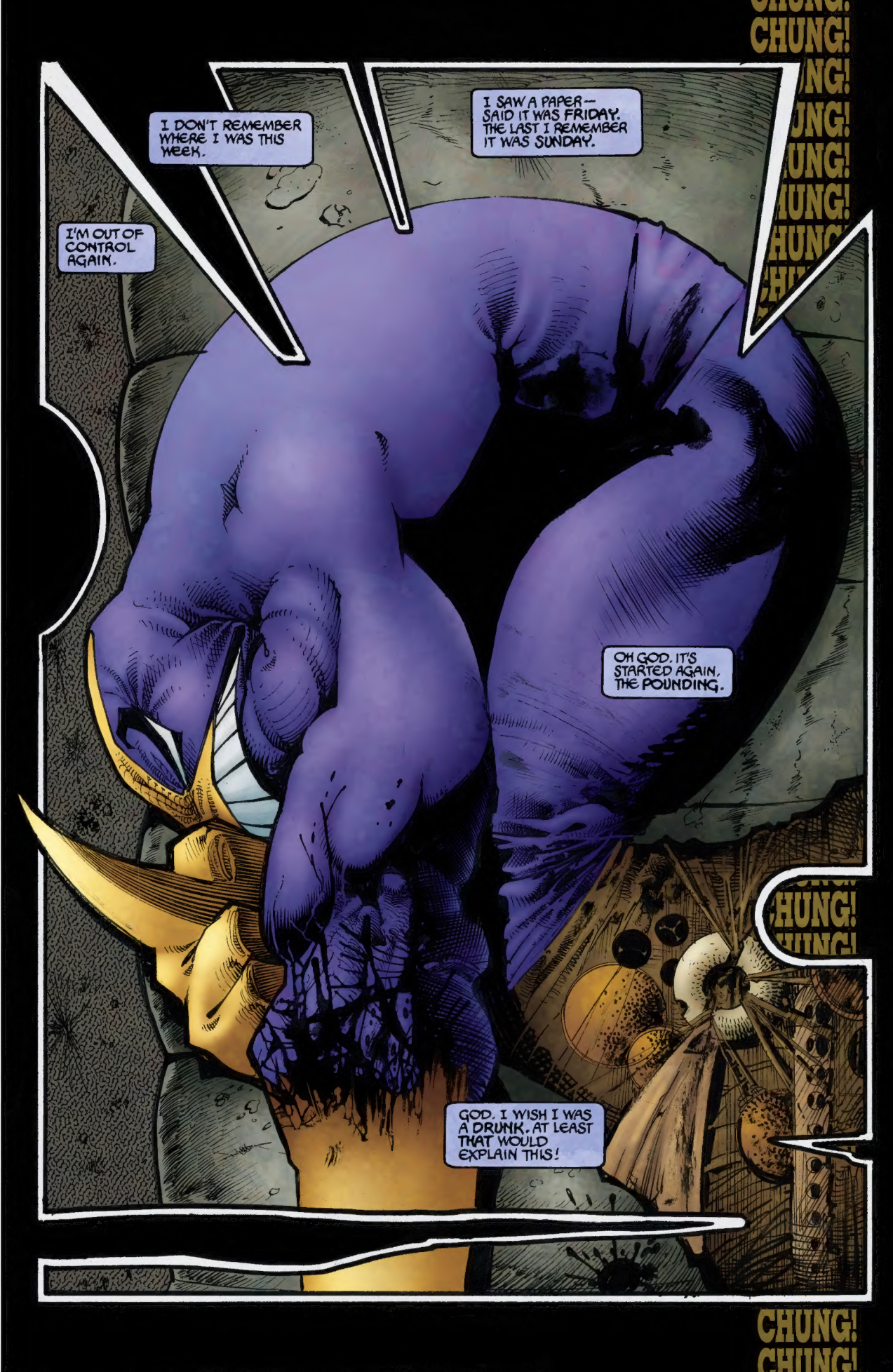
THE THEATER CROWD'S JUST ARRIVING.
LOOK IT.
YEAH. RENNY DELIVERS, DON'T HE?
IDIOT. DOESN'T EVEN KNOW HIS OWN STUPID BUSINESS.
THE SKINNY ONE'S TEEGO. THE BIG ONE'S FRIDGE.
THEY BEAT PEOPLE UP. TAKE THEIR MONEY. KILL THEM SOMETIMES.
THE CAB DRIVER GETS A THIRD.
I'M GOING TO MISS THE CURTAIN. IF HE DOESN'T KNOW THE CITY, I DON'T SEE HOW HE CAN GET A LICENSE!
THIS ISN'T THE JOLSON! WE'RE THREE BLOCKS...
OH, CRAP! NEVER MIND! I'LL WALK!
ONE WOMAN, THEY BEAT HER HEAD SO HARD AGAINST THE SIDEWALK, THEY CRACKED THE CONCRETE.
ANOTHER GOT AWAY BY RUNNING THREE BLOCKS ON A BROKEN FOOT.
SOMETIMES, THAT'S THE ONLY WAY PEOPLE GET SAVED. SUICIDAL BRAVERY.


SOMETIMES, IT'S LUCK THAT SAVES THEM.
CHING DRINNGLLE CHING
DTINNG
SOMETIMES IT'S FATE.
CHUNG! CHUNG! CHUNG!
HEY, FRIDGE. HERE'S ANOTHER ONE.
YOU EVER SEEN ANYBODY WI' SO MUCH CHANGE IN THEIR PURSE? HUH, FRIDGE?
YOU EVER SEEN...?
CHUNG! CHUNG!

WHA... WHO ARE YOU...?
HEY...! NO... NO!
AAEEEH!
YEAH. USUALLY, IT'S FATE...
Ichreckk
BUT, SOMETIMES, IT'S ME.

AND SOMETIMES IT'S US!
OKAY, EVERYBODY FREEZE!
DAMN, I WAS TALKING OUT LOUD AGAIN.
OH, GOD! FINALLY THE COPS! IS MY PURSE AROUND HERE SOMEPLACE?
THE POLICE ARE GONE.
THAT BUM IN THE MASK WAS TRYING TO HELP ME.
D'YOU THINK I SHOULD GIVE HIM SOME MONEY?
AFTER ALL, I COULD'VE BEEN RAPED AND MURDERED.
HEY, YOU'RE NOT...
NO. I'M NOT.
SAY, TODD, D'YOU REMEMBER A WOMAN BACK THERE...?

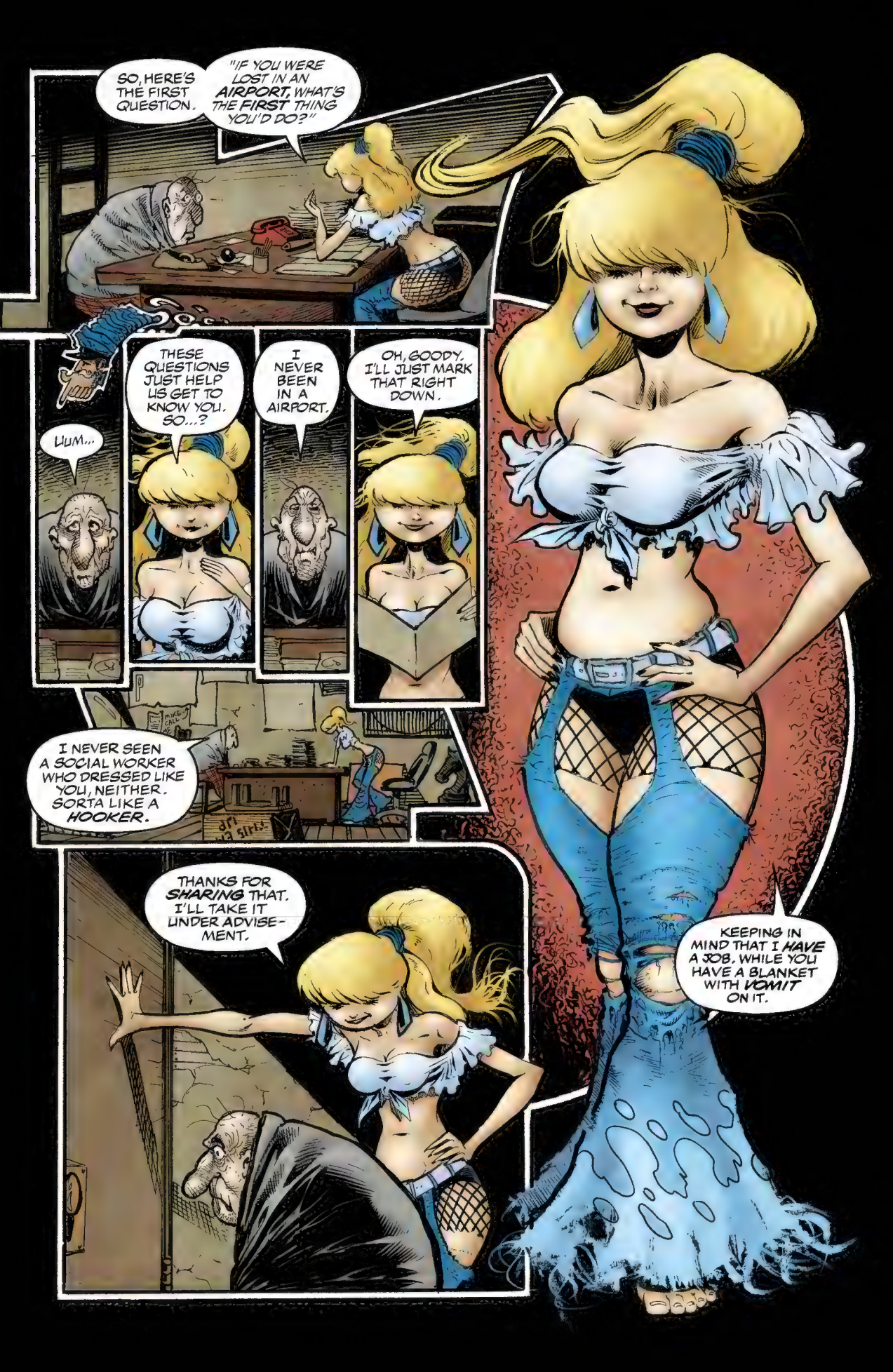
CHU!
NAH, IF THERE WAS A VICTIM OR SOMETHIN', WE'D'VE SEEN HER.
I GUESS, WHAT'LL WE DO WITH LAUGHING BOY?
LET'S DROP HIM AT COUNTY MENTAL HEALTH.
COUNTY'S FULL.
HOW 'BOUT ST. JUDE'S PSYCHIATRIC?
THEY DON'T HAVE ANY ROOM EITHER.
WELL, WE GOTTA DROP HIM SOMEWHERE. HE ONLY THREATENED FRIDGE.
YEAH, I ALMOST ENVY HIM.
REALLY? WHY'S THAT?
'CAUSE THE WORLD'S AWFUL. IT MUST BE GREAT T'DO ANY-THING YOU WANT AN' HAVE OTHER PEOPLE CLEAN UP YOUR MESS.
YEAH, LIKE US.
HUNG!
HUNG!
WUMP
I HATE THIS.
CHUNG!
CHUNG!


I DON'T REMEMBER WHERE I WAS THIS WEEK.
I SAW A PAPER— SAID IT WAS FRIDAY. THE LAST I REMEMBER IT WAS SUNDAY.
I'M OUT OF CONTROL AGAIN.
OH GOD. IT'S STARTED AGAIN. THE POUNDING.
GOD. I WISH I WAS A DRUNK. AT LEAST THAT WOULD EXPLAIN THIS!
CHUNG!
CHUNG!

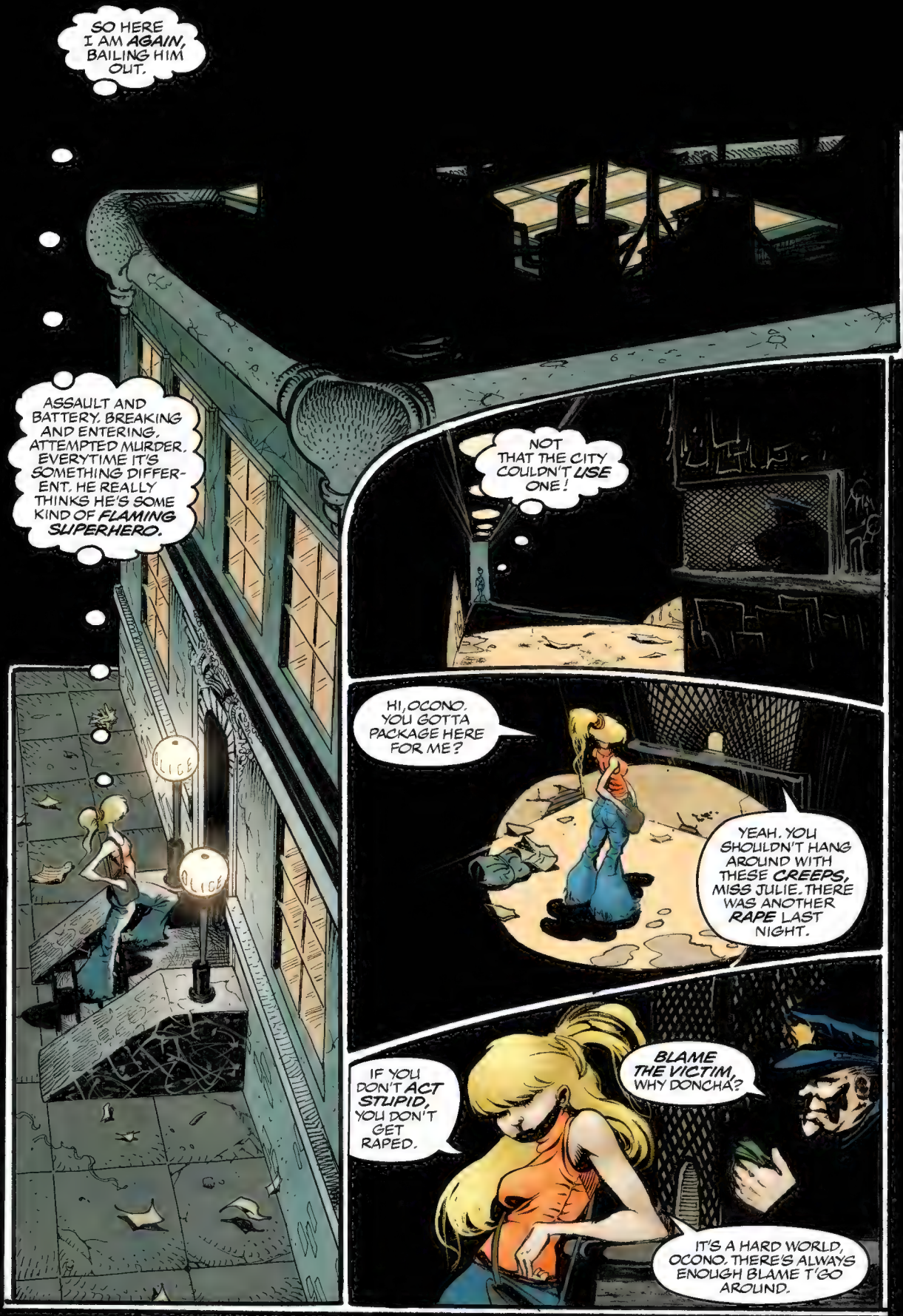
GREAT. WHERE THE HECK AM I NOW?

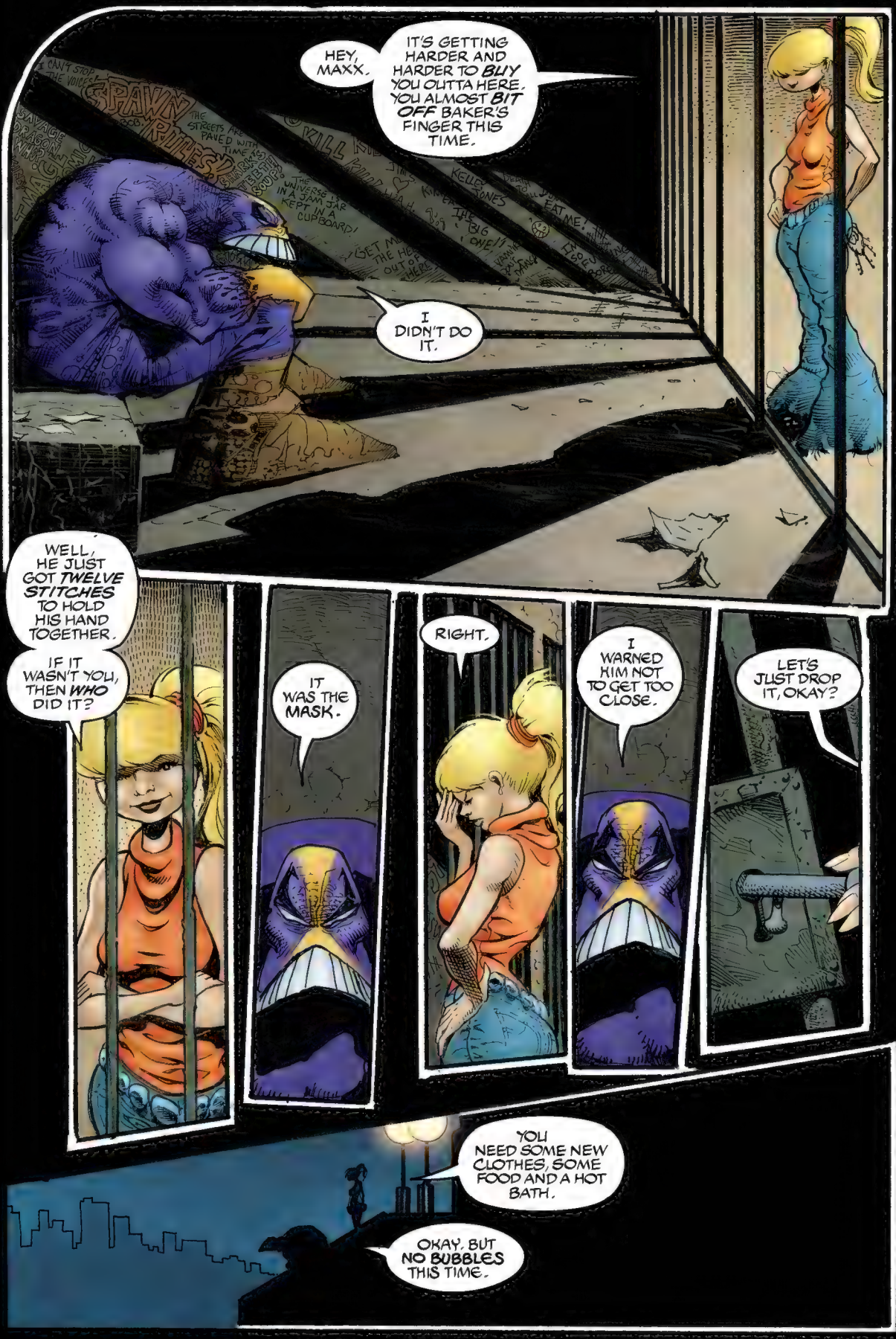
SO NOW WHAT?
WHAT THE HECK... LITTLE HANDS?
WHY ARE THESE HANDS SPROUTING AROUND ME?
EACH IS AS STRONG AS A MAN...
HUNGRY AS DEATH...
THEY WILL DRAG A MAN DOWN TO NOTHINGNESS...
TO OBLIVION!

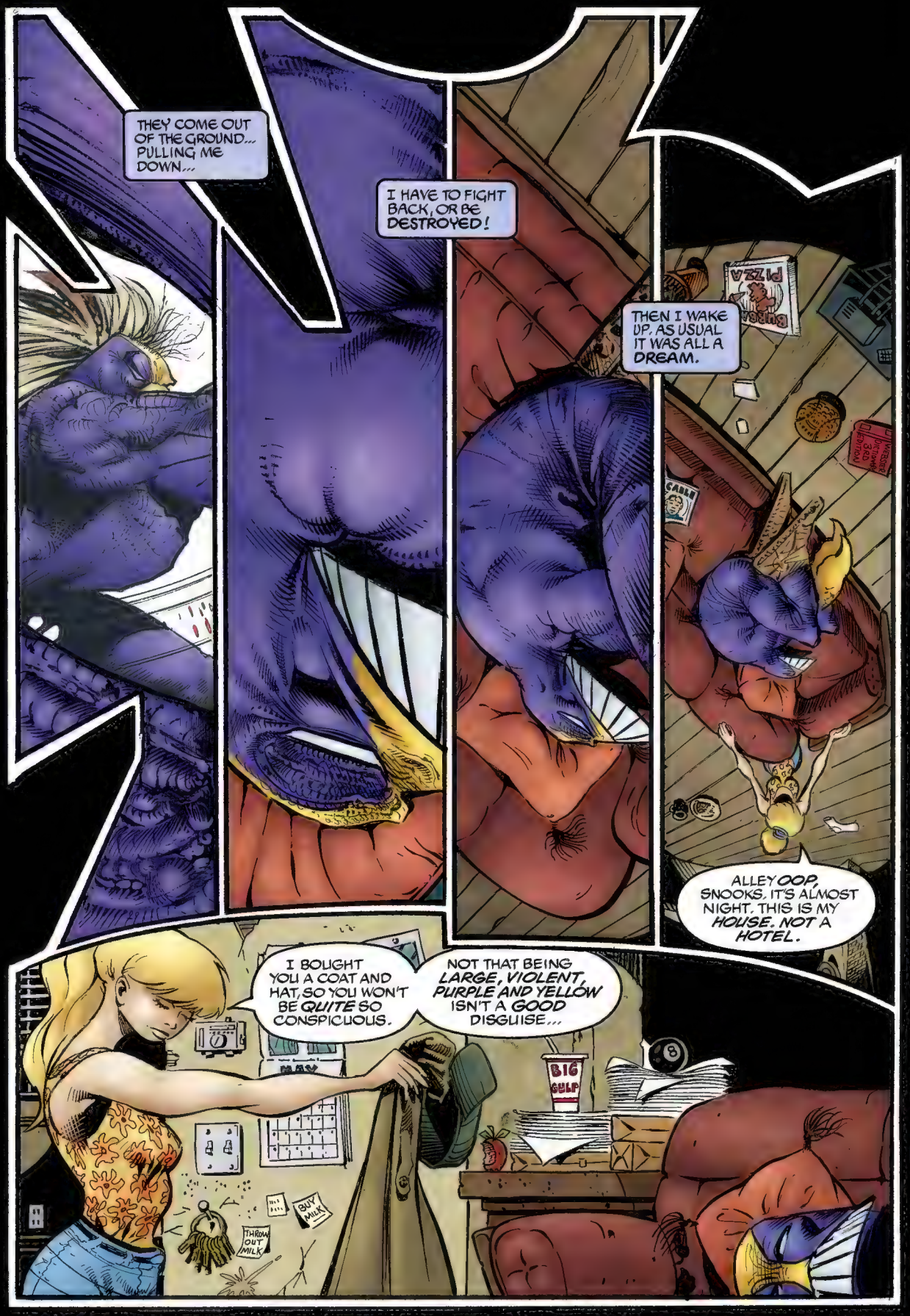
STARTING TO FADE... IT'S STARTING TO COME BACK TO ME NOW... BACK TO AUSTRALIA.
NO, THE REAL AUSTRALIA. THE SMOKING CAVES. THE GODS WHO EAT MOUNTAINS, THE FLYING DRAGONS, THE RIVERS OF GOLD. THE LEOPARD QUEEN.
TAUNTING ME... ALMOST AN ENEMY... BEAUTIFUL AND FERAL AS THE GREAT BEASTS SHE RUNS WITH, STILL SHE INSPIRES ME...
NOT THE AUSTRALIA THEY TEACH YOU ABOUT... MELBOURNE, SYDNEY, THE OUTBACK...
FOR HER I CAN BE...
...A HERO!

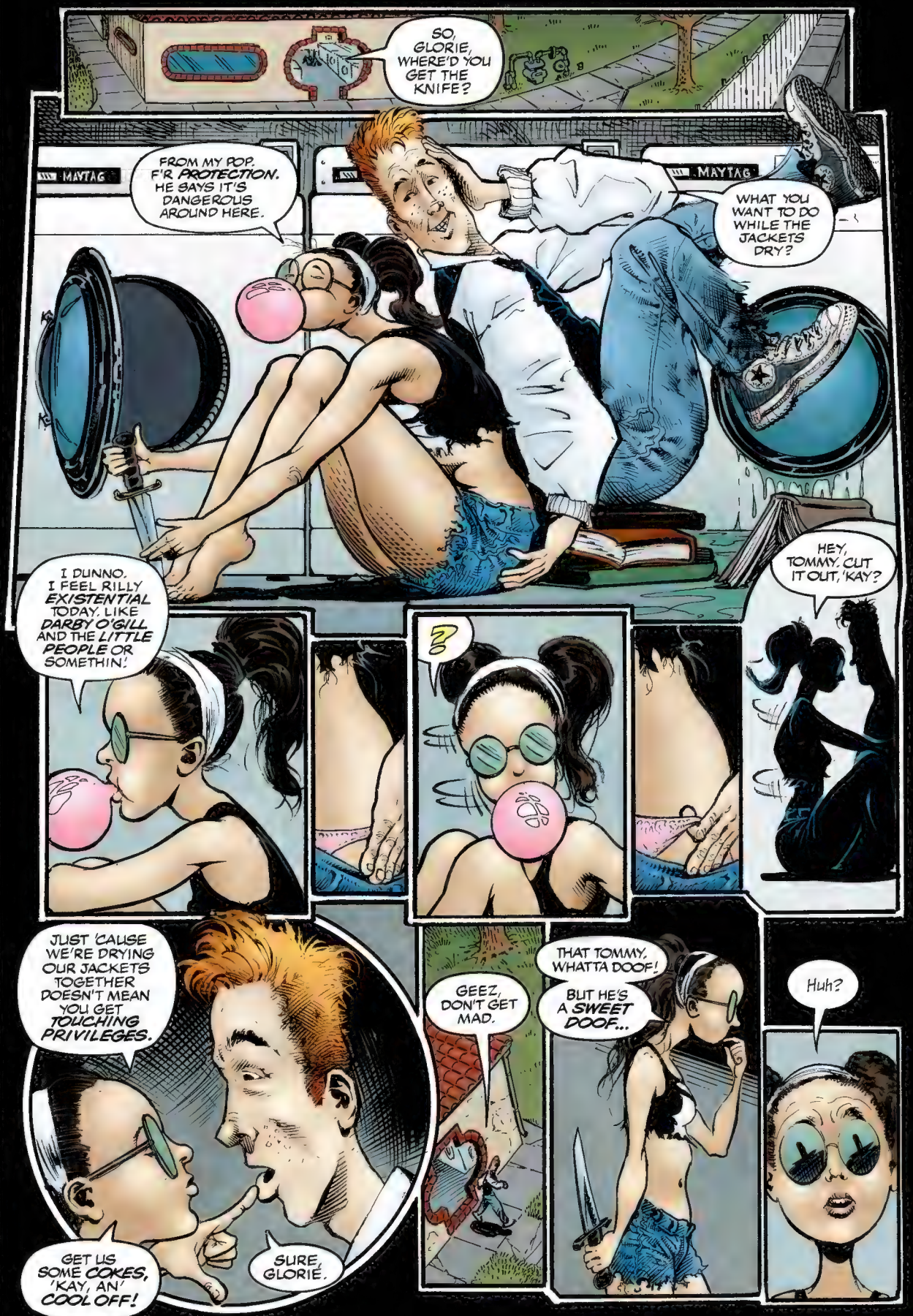

SO, HERE'S THE FIRST QUESTION.
"IF YOU WERE LOST IN AN AIRPORT, WHAT'S THE FIRST THING YOU'D DO?"
HUM...
THESE QUESTIONS JUST HELP US GET TO KNOW YOU. SO...?
I NEVER BEEN IN A AIRPORT.
OH, GOODY. I'LL JUST MARK THAT RIGHT DOWN.
I NEVER SEEN A SOCIAL WORKER WHO DRESSED LIKE YOU, NEITHER. SORTA LIKE A HOOKER.
THANKS FOR SHARING THAT. I'LL TAKE IT UNDER ADVISEMENT.
KEEPING IN MIND THAT I HAVE A JOB, WHILE YOU HAVE A BLANKET WITH VOMIT ON IT.

RRRIINNGGG
HELLO, CITY HEALTH AND HUMAN SERVICES.
I DID IT FOR YOU, JULIE. THE PAIN... THE SEX... IT WAS ALL FOR YOU...
PANG!
PHONE CREEPS!
RRIN
NOT AGAIN...!
LISTEN, FILTH...
OH, HELLO, SGT. OCONO.
YOU'VE GOT HIM AGAIN?
HOLD ON TO HIM, I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN.
YES, I KNOW HE GIVES YOU A LOT OF TROUBLE...
I KNOW YOU DON'T GET PAID NEARLY ENOUGH...
I'LL BRING THE USUAL. BYE.
:sigh: IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE GRAFT, CORRUPTION, AND VIOLENCE, THIS CITY WOULDN'T BE ANY FUN AT ALL.

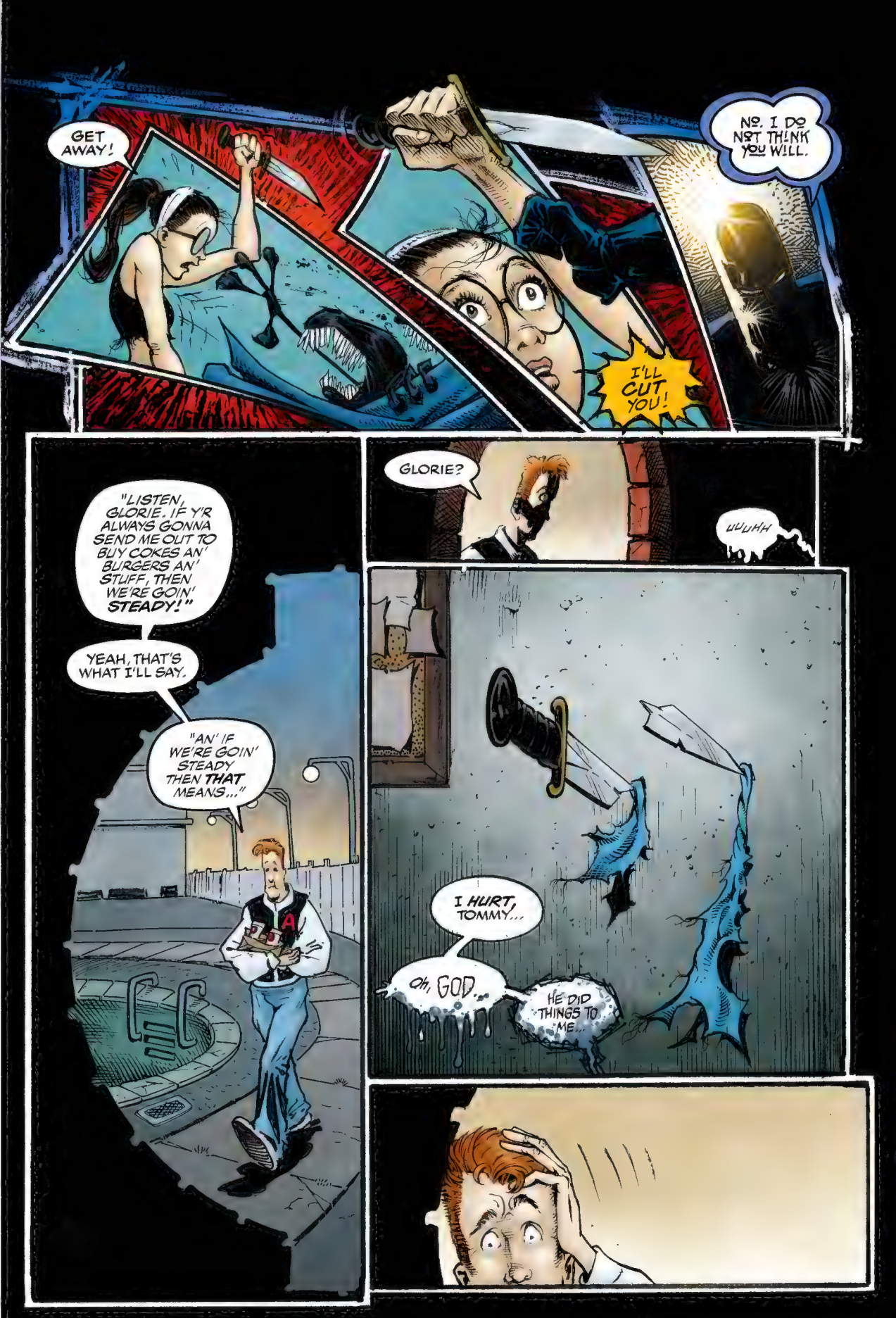

SO HERE I AM AGAIN, BAILING HIM OUT.
ASSAULT AND BATTERY. BREAKING AND ENTERING. ATTEMPTED MURDER. EVERYTIME IT'S SOMETHING DIFFERENT. HE REALLY THINKS HE'S SOME KIND OF FLAMING SUPERHERO.
NOT THAT THE CITY COULDN'T USE ONE!
HI, OCONO. YOU GOTTA PACKAGE HERE FOR ME?
YEAH. YOU SHOULDN'T HANG AROUND WITH THESE CREEPS, MISS JULIE. THERE WAS ANOTHER RAPE LAST NIGHT.
IF YOU DON'T ACT STUPID, YOU DON'T GET RAPED.
BLAME THE VICTIM, WHY DONCHA?
IT'S A HARD WORLD, OCONO. THERE'S ALWAYS ENOUGH BLAME T'GO AROUND.


HEY, MAXX.
IT'S GETTING HARDER AND HARDER TO BUY YOU OUTTA HERE. YOU ALMOST BIT OFF BAKER'S FINGER THIS TIME.
I DIDN'T DO IT.
WELL, HE JUST GOT TWELVE STITCHES TO HOLD HIS HAND TOGETHER.
IF IT WASN'T YOU, THEN WHO DID IT?
IT WAS THE MASK.
RIGHT.
I WARNED KIM NOT TO GET TOO CLOSE.
LET'S JUST DROP IT, OKAY?
YOU NEED SOME NEW CLOTHES, SOME FOOD AND A HOT BATH.
OKAY, BUT NO BUBBLES THIS TIME.

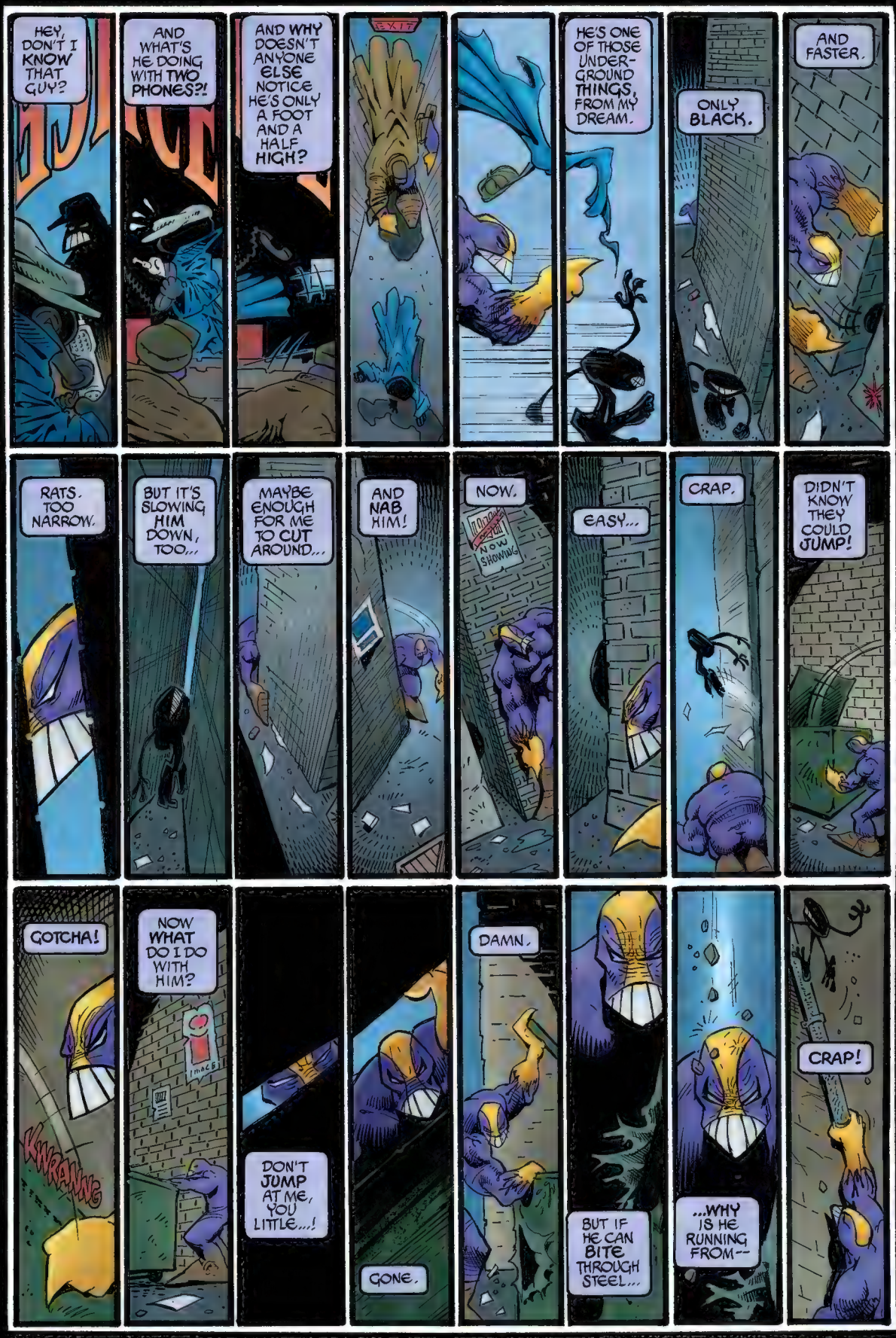

THEY COME OUT OF THE GROUND... PULLING ME DOWN...
I HAVE TO FIGHT BACK, OR BE DESTROYED!
THEN I WAKE UP. AS USUAL IT WAS ALL A DREAM.
ALLEY OOP, SNOOKS, IT'S ALMOST NIGHT. THIS IS MY HOUSE. NOT A HOTEL.
I BOUGHT YOU A COAT AND HAT, SO YOU WON'T BE QUITE SO CONSPICUOUS.
NOT THAT BEING LARGE, VIOLENT, PURPLE AND YELLOW ISN'T A GOOD DISGUISE...
BIG GULP
BUY MILK
THROW OUT MILK


SO, GLORIE, WHERE'D YOU GET THE KNIFE?
FROM MY POP. F'R PROTECTION. HE SAYS IT'S DANGEROUS AROUND HERE.
MAYTAG
MAYTAG
WHAT YOU WANT TO DO WHILE THE JACKETS DRY?
I DUNNO. I FEEL RILLY EXISTENTIAL TODAY. LIKE DARBY O'GILL AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE OR SOMETHIN'
?
HEY, TOMMY. CUT IT OUT, 'KAY?
JUST 'CAUSE WE'RE DRYING OUR JACKETS TOGETHER DOESN'T MEAN YOU GET TOUCHING PRIVILEGES.
GET US SOME COKES, 'KAY, AN' COOL OFF!
SURE, GLORIE.
GEEZ, DON'T GET MAD.
THAT TOMMY, WHATTA DOOF!
BUT HE'S A SWEET DOOF...
Huh?

THE MACHINES BEGIN A LOW AND SULLEN HUMMING
I CAN HEAR THE BEATING OF HER HEART
WHO'S THERE...?
SHE IS LIKE A SMALL, DELICIOUS SLUG. I HAVE ONLY TO CLOSE MY HAND TO POSSESS HER.
CRAP.
HI, HONEY. I'M HOME.
MEEP
MEEP
MEEP
MEEP!
MEEP


GET AWAY!
I'LL CUT YOU!
NO. I DO NOT THINK YOU WILL.
GLORIE?
UUUHH
"LISTEN, GLORIE. IF Y'R ALWAYS GONNA SEND ME OUT TO BUY COKES AN' BURGERS AN' STUFF, THEN WE'RE GOIN' STEADY!"
YEAH, THAT'S WHAT I'LL SAY.
"AN' IF WE'RE GOIN' STEADY THEN THAT MEANS..."
I HURT, TOMMY...
OH, GOD.
HE DID THINGS TO ME...

TRY NOT TO GET INTO ANY FIGHTS, OKAY, MAXX?
THE WOMAN I SAVED YESTERDAY WAS RAPED AND MUTILATED. IT SAID SO ON THE NEWS. I HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT.
SPOKEN LIKE A TRUE FANATIC! A FEW WOMEN WHO CAN'T TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES GET MESSED WITH AND YOU RIDE TO THE RESCUE!
WHO ARE YOU TO ASSUME RESPONSIBILITY FOR THEIR LIVES?
PAGLIA
SEX, ART, AND AMERICAN CULTURE
RRINGG
I AM THE MAXX. ANSWER YOUR PHONE.
HULLO?
THE OTHERS CRY OUT FOR YOU, JULIE WINTERS! THEIR SCREAMS OF AGONY ARE THE KISSES THAT I PLACE ALONG YOUR NECK!
THAT'S...VERY INTERESTING. TELL ME MORE.
BIG GULP
STUDY #47041
CALL SAM ERS-9110
DEAR
DOUBTLESS ONE OF YOUR FRIENDS IN THE POLICE DEPARTMENT HAS TAPPED THIS LINE...
NO MATTER. I AM HAVING A...SERVANT OF MINE PLACE THIS CALL!


HEY, DON'T I KNOW THAT GUY?
AND WHAT'S HE DOING WITH TWO PHONES?!
AND WHY DOESN'T ANYONE ELSE NOTICE HE'S ONLY A FOOT AND A HALF HIGH?
EXIT
HE'S ONE OF THOSE UNDER-GROUND THINGS, FROM MY DREAM.
ONLY BLACK.
AND FASTER.
RATS. TOO NARROW.
BUT IT'S SLOWING HIM DOWN, TOO...
MAYBE ENOUGH FOR ME TO CUT AROUND...
AND NAB HIM!
NOW.
NOW SHOWING
EASY...
CRAP.
DIDN'T KNOW THEY COULD JUMP!
GOTCHA!
KWRANNG
NOW WHAT DO I DO WITH HIM?
DON'T JUMP AT ME, YOU LITTLE...!
GONE.
DAMN.
BUT IF HE CAN BITE THROUGH STEEL...
...WHY IS HE RUNNING FROM--
CRAP!

I'LL...
SPLOARRF
GREETINGS, BR'ER LAPP!N.
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?
AMAZ!NG...
SELF
1.19%
1.29%
1.39%
SELF
FULL
FORD

YOU REALLY DON'T REMEMBER ANY OF IT! NOT THE GIRL OR THE ISZ OR THE BLOODWORMS OR ME.
THEN IT WASN'T ALL A DREAM! UNLESS I WAS DREAMING NOW.
TOO BAD. I NORMALLY HATE KILLING AMNESIACS.
MEEP!
OH, GOD. NOW I REMEMBER ...!

IT WAS ALL COMING BACK TO ME. I COULD FEEL THE HOT SUN ON MY BACKSKIN AND THE GRASSES UNDER MY TOES.

THOSE LITTLE CREATURES WERE ISZ. BUT TWISTED AND CHANGED BY BEING MOVED TO THIS WORLD.

TRUE ENOUGH. TOO BAD YOU'LL BE EATEN BEFORE YOU'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO MUTTER THIS TO ANYONE!

DAMN... STILL TALKING OUT LOUD!

NEXT MONTH
STAINED TEETH, DEADLY TEETH!

Ever wondered what they mean when they say CDs are remastered?

Me too. No idea. But I do know what it means for this edition of *The Maxx*. First of all, we went back to all the original art, Jim Sinclair and I carefully rescanning each page, and at a much higher resolution~which should particularly pay off when we do the Artist's Editions, down the road.

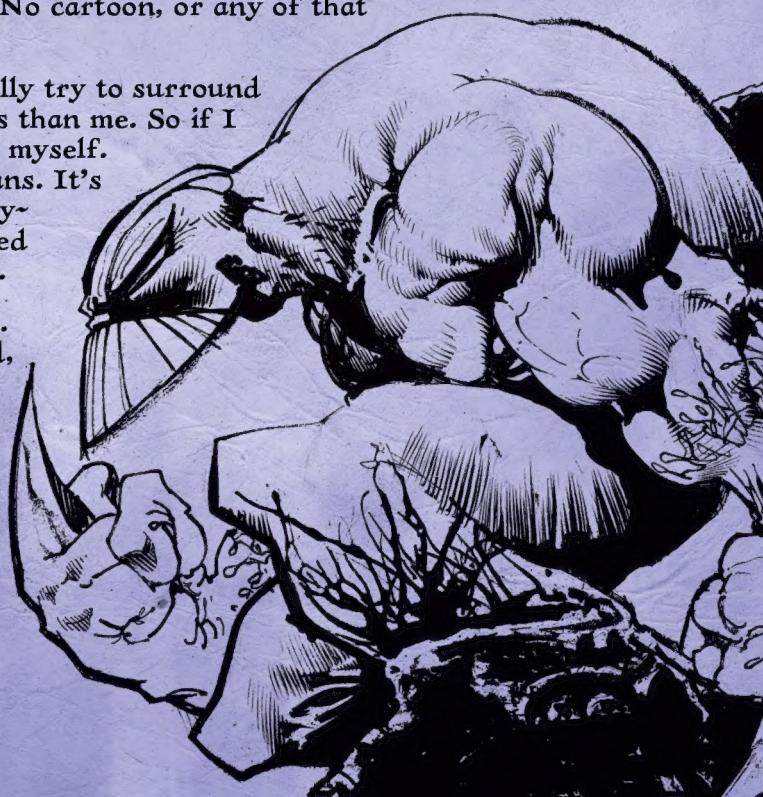
But even in the single issues, I decided recoloring was worth it. Of course, we all agree... Godfather of colorists Steve Oliff is a renowned and legendary master of the form. So, you may ask, why recolor *Maxx* at all? Good point. But to be fair to Steve, many *Maxx* issues were delivered so late to him that he and his crew were often forced to finish an issue over a single weekend. It's my fault I didn't correct details, that I didn't take the time to communicate more to him~monthly comics are often finished under crazy deadlines. Plus, I was drawing *The Maxx* comic three days a week and soon started flying down to L.A. to help on the MTV animated series two days a week. It's all a blur now... it's a miracle the sucker came out at all!

So, fast~forward. IDW comes to the rescue, with the help of top~notch colorist Ronda Pattison. We sat down and went over each page in ways I couldn't seem to muster in the past. Seeing old pages for me is a mixed bag. Sorta like having lunch with your ex~wife. Only imagine doing it 25 times and more. Regrets, flaws, all the usual Sam reactions to old work. But that's my own damage, which shouldn't concern you. All you need to know is: what's different about this version of *The Maxx*?

Outside of careful rescanning and recoloring from beefier files, I won't be messing with the core story. Not that it's perfect, but we all see what happens when a film gets a "director's cut," or big~budget movies get added computer~generated FX to make it "better," which usually shows us all it wasn't broken in the first place. Grant me the indulgence of improved scans and tweaked colors... but otherwise... just kick back and enjoy. Trust me, I am sure you will have more pleasant nostalgic memories of it than I will. I hate everything I do. Of course, there is a difference... A: I am often WRONG... and B: Doesn't matter what I think. It's the fans who decide what works and what doesn't. If you guys n' gals didn't keep buying it in the first place, it would have been canceled by issue 2. No cartoon, or any of that other crap.

But don't listen to me. I typically try to surround myself with much smarter folks than me. So if I succeed at all, it's in *spite* of myself. That's what "Remastered" means. It's improved... in *spite* of the goofy~assed creator, who's mostly tried to respect the original material.

It's quirky. Flawed. Psychedelic. And just plain... WEIRD. And, warts and all, it's a picture of who I was at the time.

Only on slightly better paper.

~Sam Kieth
September 11, 2013